

DAILY RECORD-UNION

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1888

The Record-Union is the only paper on the coast, outside of San Francisco, that receives the full Associated Press dispatches from all parts of the world. Outside of San Francisco, it has no competitor, in point of news, in its home and general circulation throughout the coast.

SAN FRANCISCO AGENCIES.
This paper is for sale at the following places: L. P. Fisher, 201 Merchants' Exchange, who also acts as Advertising Agent for San Francisco. Grand and Fulton Street News Stand. Market Street Ferry, and Junction of Market and Montgomery Streets News Stand.
Also, for sale on all Trains leaving and coming into Sacramento.

Because it is my deliberate judgment that the property of America is mainly due to its system of protective laws, I urge that Germany has now reached that point where it is necessary to imitate the tariff system of the United States.—Prince Bismarck's Speech to the German Reichstag.

The London "Times" having a letter from President Cleveland in its possession, after quoting passages from it, editorially says: "It would hardly be possible to put the free-trade case more clearly or more strongly. The arguments which Cleveland uses are those which Cobden used to employ forty-five years ago, and which any English free-trader would employ now. They are purely free-trade arguments, and as such we are glad to see Cleveland using them, though sorry for the popular infatuation which makes it dangerous to give them their right name."

"The demand for cheaper coats seems to me necessarily to involve a cheaper man and woman under the coat."—Benjamin Harrison.

INTELLECTUAL EVENINGS PROMISED.

George W. Cable, the distinguished author and publicist, delighted a large and intelligent audience by his readings in this city a week ago. It was an intellectual treat, and no one went from it who did not feel refreshed and strengthened. Mr. Cable is a writer who, perhaps more than any other recent scholar, has developed an American school of fiction, with purely American types of character for its basis. He has introduced Americans to classes in their own country concerning which they were but vaguely informed. He has done more; he has given us a style new in American literature, and altogether good and strong. But this writer has not contented himself with communicating with his readers through the medium of the printed page—he has gone upon the rostrum, and, meeting them face to face, given them an interpretation that it is impossible for the text to convey. He has proved to be not only an original, vigorous and courageous knight in literary fields, but a finely effective dramatic reader, and has demonstrated, as so many before him have done, the inestimable value of the literary platform. It gratifies all who heard him last week to learn that there is probability of his return.

Now, of value of Mr. Cable's recent intellectual entertainment is the emphasis it gives to the proposition to re-establish the literary rostrum in this city as a means of entertainment and instruction. Books are not all of literature, nor have they wholly retired nor will they ever utterly displace the lecture platform. That agency in public education and entertainment has a mission, and always will have. It has been much neglected in Sacramento in recent years, but it is gratifying to know that the visit of Mr. Cable has contributed to a revival of interest in it. Thus, it is now definitely known that two local bureaus, operating unselfishly and wholly for the public good, will furnish to us this winter two series of intellectual entertainments. One is composed of a few public-spirited men who are arranging for a course of lectures and readings by such men as Cable; strangers in our midst, of literary fame, and who will make up a series varying in character from readings from their own works to those of others; from dramatic interpretations to lectures upon popular literary topics; from historical retrospects to the discussion of social and scientific questions. The other bureau is the California Museum Association. It proposes a course of ten lectures by gentlemen of culture and ability in our community, upon subjects directly of interest to domestic economy, health, financial systems, engineering, science, the economies of daily life, etc.

These two courses, to extend over four months, and running parallel and not conflicting as to dates, must be maintained by public contributions to cover bare cost. They are distinct as to topics, methods and specific aims, and therefore they are in perfect harmony in the one purpose to entertain and inform the public. Mr. Cable's delightful evening may be said to have been the key-note to one of these courses; the other, it is understood, will be struck in November. While congratulating the people of the city upon this outlook and the revival of the lecture system here, which is so helpful in any community, it is in order to bespeak for the two courses a liberal support. Without public approval neither can succeed. Let them have it, and with such assistance they will testify to full appreciation of these public-spirited enterprises and the cultivated literary tastes of our people.

MR. FOLLET AND THE WOOL INDUSTRY.

Mr. Follet, the Democratic orator, who flattered the Democracy and libeled Republicans in a speech in this city on Wednesday, took occasion to refer to the tariff and to declare that in the matter of wool-growing the tariff had never benefited the industry, and that we need the free foreign wool to mix with the home product. We have not thought it essential to go into detailed replies to Mr. Follet's vagaries—as we intimated yesterday, the game is scarcely worth the candle. But the recital of a few facts concerning this wool question may be of interest, though the exposure of the untruth of the assertions of the Democracy has been frequently made.

There are engaged in wool-growing 700,000 people in the United States, and half a million more in the industry. Mr. Mills says in defense of his bill that wool-growing is a natural process, and not an industry involving skilled labor—a statement that wool-growers will scarcely accept, who too well know the labor and skill involved, the skill demanded, and the agricultural interests affected. There are besides these wool-growers and helpers in Mr. Mills' "natural process," 150,000 farmers who keep a few sheep. Dependent on all these are fully 2,500,000 women, children and aged. So we have quite

4,000,000 people interested in wool-growing. Of sheep, we have 50,000,000 in the United States, and their raising employs over 112,000,000 acres. The value of the wool crop is about \$77,000,000 yearly, while the mutton value of sheep is \$122,000,000 annually. To strike down wool-growing will not cheapen mutton, for men will not raise it for amusement. It is now the cheap food; when it is raised for itself alone it will be the dear food. To strike down the wool industry and admit free foreign growth, will cause a shrinkage in the value of lands, in labor, in decrease of flocks and of wool product, of \$355,000,000, says Mr. Washington Belt in his admirable monograph upon the subject. It is to be admitted that with wool-free, the manufacturer will get his raw material at \$25,000,000 less cost than now. But with Mr. Belt, we cannot believe the people will receive that beneficial value. The manufacturer and merchant will absorb half of it in augmented profits, and we may add that there can be no assurance that foreign and home manufacturers will not combine to maintain the prices of the manufactured product. Mr. Belt asserts that we are now growing in the United States nearly a full supply of the finer grades of wool, and need to import but about 15,000,000 pounds. Under protection we will presently be able to grow all the fine grade wool we need. Mr. Belt insists that worsteds, now under too low a duty, should be made to pay a like duty with woolsens, and that the admission of ring, thread, roving and stubbing waste under a duty of ten cents causes serious loss to wool-dealers, as every pound of "waste" takes the place of a pound of fine wool. Now, has protection fostered wool production? In 1859 we produced 6,000,000 pounds, and imported \$42,832,000 worth of woolen goods; in 1869 we produced 162,000,000, and imported to the value of \$36,676,000. In 1879 we produced 232,000,000 pounds, and imported to the value of \$53,013,000. These figures speak for themselves. They could be continued to date and much elaborated, to show that the fact that wool-growing in the United States without a protective tariff would cease, and that the people would not reap compensating benefits.

RIGHT TO THE POINT.

A distinguished Democrat in a recent speech in this city insisted that the workers in cotton mills in America receive lower wages and work longer hours than the workers in cotton mills in England. By a comparative table the RECORD-UNION explored that statement. More recently a free-trade Democratic journal of California stated that the cotton manufacturers in this State were crippled because of a limited market, and that by the reduction of the protective tariff a reciprocal condition between this and other markets will be created, that will give the cotton manufacturers of the country an unlimited market.

A mercantile firm of Sacramento, which deals directly with cotton manufacturers, and notably in cotton twines, threads, etc., wrote to the largest cotton manufacturer on this coast—the California Cotton Mills Company—and asked it concerning the truth of the statements made. He received a prompt reply, which we present below. It must be stated by way of preface that the proprietors of the mills are natives of Scotland. The letter is as follows:

DEAR SIR:—Your favor of yesterday duly received. What you saw in the papers, as stated by you, is a gross misrepresentation of facts. We are not overworked with goods, we have a fair market for all our produce. We are strong opponents of the tariff, and are endeavoring to reduce the import tariff on any article produced in the country. Having come from a free-trade country, we cannot but be in sympathy with the free-trade cause, and we are in competition with the low paid labor of that country. The California tariff papers give us no right to a glance how impossible it would be to compete with European and American wages, and we are not prepared to do so. The conditions of our country are very different, and it should be the aim of our legislators to keep up the standard of wages, and this can only be done by a strong protective wall. These are some of our opinions on the subject, and we are not a party to the misstatements referred to. We have many orders for goods, and we are not capital that needs the greatest benefit of protection. We are yours very truly,
THE CALIFORNIA COTTON MILLS COMPANY.
Messrs. A. H. Hopkins & Bro., Sacramento.

HIGH LICENSE TESTIMONY.

Pennsylvania and Minnesota have just reported upon the experiment of high license for one year in those jurisdictions. In the Keystone State the law went into effect June 30, 1887. In the year preceding, under the old law, there were granted 14,704 licenses; in 1888, under the new law, 7,738, or a decrease of about one half of all the saloons in the State. In 1887 the revenue from licenses was \$976,179 under the old law; in 1888, under the new law, it amounted to \$1,855,963. So the experiment there resulted in decreasing the saloons by one half, and doubling the revenue. The officials report, also, a notable decrease in drunkenness, and the disappearance of most of the vile dens where men were made stupid with bad liquor and then robbed. Now these things it will be remembered are precisely the results that the friends of high license claimed would develop. Let us turn to the Minnesota report. In 1888 there are 1,597 saloons, while in 1887, under the old law, there were 2,806. The figures are not yet obtainable as to revenue, but it is reported officially to have been greatly increased. But it is set forth with much emphasis that the social conditions have been very much improved during the year. That is, the call for police service has fallen off in all the smaller towns and cities, and in these especially drunkenness, brawling and the crimes of drunkenness have decreased. In the larger cities the effect, while good, is not as yet so marked. The officials report that elections have been more quietly conducted, attempts to vote fraudulently have greatly decreased, and "the polls" have not been surrounded by anywhere near so many men under the influence of strong drink. Now, these are facts that prohibitionists and anti-high license men alike need to consider. Looked at in a purely economic light, the basis of benefits to the largest number, and the results in Pennsylvania and in Minnesota commend themselves to thoughtful and conservative men with singular force. It will not do to close our eyes to the march of the regulation senti-

ment at the East; it will continue to move whether we wish it or not. All the theory in the world will not convince a taxpayer that half as many saloons, with lessened drunkenness and lowered cost for police service to handle drunkenness, and the added facts of doubled revenue and decreased taxation, are not evidences of a wise regulatory policy and a long step ahead in social improvement.

THE ELECTION OUTRAGES.

The outrages upon the ballot-box in San Francisco on Thursday cause every self-respecting citizen to blush with indignation. It makes no sort of difference what political party is to blame, or whether the brutal men who perpetrated the crimes are Republicans or Democrats—the infamy of Thursday's proceedings is a menace to free institutions. It was the legitimate child of boss rule and was born at the expense of human life, the loss of which is chargeable directly to the vicious bossism that in both parties struggles with its own for dominance. The shameless violation of law in illegally voting; in invading polling places with gangs of hired ruffians; in breaking up ballot-boxes; by assaulting election officers; by firing polling-booths; by beating inspectors and inhumanly setting one on fire when sprinkled with coal oil, was bad enough; but when it came to invasion of the Republican Committee-rooms with arms and the shooting down of human beings, the culmination of the city's disgraces was reached, and not only the city of San Francisco, but the system of ascertaining the will of the people, covered with shame. There should be such an example made of the ruffians who were guilty of these outrages as will strike terror to the souls of the bosses and boss servants. The political parties in San Francisco must sooner or later wash their hands clean of any relation to the wretches who make such scenes as those of Thursday possible. Unless they do so, the people will desert them. The civilization of the age will not much longer tolerate political systems under which it is possible for ruffianism to dominate at the polls or to invade the sanctuary of the right of the citizen—the ballot-box.

THE ONE-DOLLAR LIE.

Though the great majority of the men engaged in the labor strikes of 1877 at Indianapolis have been found and have willingly signed a paper, circulated by their own comrades, that emphatically denies that General Harrison was their enemy, but that on the contrary he intervened for them and did his best to secure them that they asked for, there are Democrats so unprincipled as to continue to circulate the infamous story that the General assailed the workers and attempted to have troops fire upon them, etc. Another story that Democracy is unceasing in circulating is that General Harrison sometime, nobody says when, said that one dollar a day is enough for any workingman. The General has indignantly denied that he ever uttered such a thought or uttered any such words. Hon. J. B. Kenner, of Indianapolis, is upon the case just now. He is thoroughly well acquainted with General Harrison and all his course, and he says that not a laboring man in Indiana believes that General Harrison ever made use of any such language; that a reward of \$1,000 has been standing for two months in Indianapolis for any proof worthy the name that General Harrison used such language or anything at all like it in spirit, but no one has ventured to come forward and claim the money. Mr. Kenner adds that "in Indiana no Democrat would dare go on the stump and assert that it was true, if he valued his own reputation for veracity. It cuts no figure in the campaign there." Since the Democrats outside of Indiana are so diligent in circulating the lie, perhaps they will, after learning that in the Hoosier State the story is not tolerated even by Democrats, change their method of assault.

A CONTEMPTIBLE LIE.

It is the contemptible assertion of the men who oppose the election of General Harrison to the Presidency, that his triumph will mean "free whiskey and unlimited drinkings." Let the voters in whom this twaddle awakens any alarm, reflect for one moment upon the reasonableness of such a charge. The truth is that it is the desperate resort of men desperately struggling to restore the old condition of things, when the South ruled the nation and the free whiskey cry is "rot," and the meanest and most contemptible of campaign resorts. There is in it nothing more nor less than Democratic falsehood and Confederate brigadier chicane. It is the long and short of the whole matter. It has come to this, that the Democracy, which for twenty-five years has howled against the "outrage of the 'Yankee war taxes,'" known as "internal revenue," now howls because it is proposed to abandon a portion of such taxes, in case it becomes necessary to do so to prevent the removal of protection from the material industries of the country. He who would not do as much is an enemy to the wage-earners of the land.

A WITTY SPEECH.

In this morning's RECORD-UNION we print the full speech of Hon. William E. Mason of Illinois, delivered in the House of Representatives recently, upon the Mills tariff bill. It is a keen and merciless exposure of the fallacies of the bill, and a "showing up" of the Democratic supporters in their attitude as free traders. It possesses the merit of being a witty speech, and will commend itself as a masterful production even to those against whom it is aimed. It will engage the attention of those who read it from the outset and maintain it to the end.

In defense of his bill Mr. Congressman Mills says: "We found ostrich feathers with a tax of \$25 off. There are no ostriches in this country. This is not yet an infant industry in the United States. Ostriches are not found on the Western prairies, nor in the Northern woods, nor along the Gulf coast, but our ladies want to wear the ostrich feathers sometimes in their bonnets, and we do not need the money, and why should we get let them come in free?" Now, as a matter of fact, ostrich farming is an American industry. There are three or four ostrich farms in California and a number in Texas, and we have found that we can raise the birds here as well as the English can in South Africa, or the French in Algeria, and ostrich farming is as profitable here as in Australia or New Zealand or South America, where it is prosecuted. The climate of California, Southern Colorado, Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, for the industry. All the experiments made prove, and all the authorities agree that the ostrich farming industry of the United

States has everything to encourage it, and that it is an "infant industry," and that by protection we can raise as good birds and produce as fine plumes from them as is possible in any part of the world.

If anyone desires, by the experience of comparison and contrast, to realize what a wise and comfortable policy is that of Sacramento in sprinkling all her streets and alleys by general taxation, let them go to San Francisco and travel to the Pacific Mail dock, out Third and Brannan streets, anywhere in the section between Howard street and Mission bay. He will be so grieved with dust, and his eyes so filled by notes and beams, and his nostrils so filled with powder and manure, and his nostrils so filled with the stench of the streets, that he will anathematize the luck that led him into this city so utterly neglectful of the commonest economy in the care of its highways and so careless of the comfort of its people.

All the sensational stories going about that General Harrison has promised this and that Cabinet position to certain men in case of his election, are unworthy of consideration. Unless we are to write General Harrison down a fool we are not to believe them. He is a far-seeing, sensible and cool-headed man of great experience and much caution. Such men do not count unthoughtful chickens, much less boast of how they will fill offices before they attain to the power to dispose of them.

FIRST-CAST WEATHER.

The Regular Condition of Things Reported to Central California.
Sergeant Barwick, Signal Service Observer, informs a RECORD-UNION reporter that the highest temperature yesterday was 75°, which is the first time since June 17th that the maximum or highest temperature has been so low.

The following shows the lowest maximum temperature for each month from June to the present: June, 74°; July, 76°; August, 80°; September, 75° (yesterday). The highest maximum temperature during the same time was: For June, 99°; July, 100°; August, 102°; September, 106°. The extreme lowest or minimum temperature during the same time was: For June, 64°; July, 65°; August, 66°; September, to date, 54°. The above data shows that for the past four months the highest temperature has been 10° to 12° lower than it was at the same time last year, and the lowest 4° or 6°; that is, a difference of many degrees between the highest and lowest temperature during the past four months.

The Signal Service temperature yesterday at 5 A. M. was 60°, 5° cooler than the same hour on the 22d, and 12° cooler than the 23d; being 10° cooler than at the same time 21 hours previous; 5° m. yesterday, 68°, which was 10° cooler than the same hour the day before. The highest temperature yesterday was 75°, which was 19° less than the highest temperature the day before (Thursday). The average temperature yesterday was 62°, being 4° less than the average for that day. This is the first time since the 1st of September that the daily average temperature has been less than the normal.

The average temperature yesterday was 10° less than it was the day before; it being 72° on Thursday and but 62° yesterday. The highest and lowest temperature yesterday was 75° and 54°, while 87° and 67° were the highest and lowest on Thursday was 94° and 60°.

The wind yesterday was from the south, and blew at a fifteen miles per hour, and weather clear.

The lowest average daily temperature in September (yesterday) 62°. Since the 1st of September there has been but one day in the last four months that gave a lower daily average temperature than the cool we had yesterday. Yesterday, therefore, speaking in syllogisms, there has been three cool days in the last four months, and yesterday was one of them. No doubt the desire of the population of the Sacramento valley is for the weather to continue to be as fine as yesterday. The weather bureau at San Francisco yesterday day as far as the weather was concerned and for this season of the year.

PRESS EXPRESSIONS.

Cleveland is like a tree. He leaves in the spring.—Cleveland Herald.

It seems to be a notion of Mr. Cleveland that all Americans engaged in gainful pursuits are deep-dyed rascals, while foreigners are honest and innocent and honest.—Ohio State Journal.

The Philadelphia Press remarks that it is a sad thing for the Indiana Democracy to have a man who is so much against the penitentiary for election frauds. Every vote is needed this year.

The question to be decided at the polls this year is whether we shall have a protective principle and keep up wages, or destroy it and reduce wages to the European standard.—Yellow Journal.

All the elections of this year show Democratic gains, and it must be plain to Democrats to reflect that a change of 600 votes in the State would elect a Democrat to Governor in November.—Globe Democrat.

The Iowa Judge who has decided that a citizen can lawfully make a citizen, and even for their own use, has exposed to far-reaching principle. For if a man can make a citizen, he can make a pickles, and if he can't make pickles the boarding-schools for girls might just as well be closed.—Yellow Journal.

These things into account before rendering their decision.—Philadelphia Press.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Of the "Questions of the Day" series we have received from the Bancroft Company, of San Francisco, the publication of Putnam's Sons, Professor Edward Clark Lunt's admirable monograph upon "The Demand for a Radical Change in the Methods and Aims." Professor Lunt holds that political economy is distracted, and while economic science is a science, as they always have been, there are signs of revolt to present methods. At a time when political economic disputes will be wholly dropped, and practical application of economic principles will be the rule of action. The present economic conditions are chaotic caused by wrong conceptions of the science, and the personal interests involved and the mistakes of economists. The English method is too deductive and absolute, and it is overdone. There are no new ideas that very soon we will break away from theorizing, abandon all the scientific methods of dispute in the present, and the questions of political economy be left to settle themselves.

"The Popular Science Monthly" (D. Appleton & Co., New York) for October has given W. J. Youmans opportunity to show the world how a good scientific magazine can be organized. The number for October is one that can be read with both profit and pleasure by anyone, though not scientifically well informed. Professor Cope explains the relation of the sexes to govt. and government. Professor Brooks tells of "The Growth of Jelly Fishes." Professor Emerson writes "Man in Relation to the Lower Animals." Robert Mathews treats of "Ethics and Economics." Dr. Herter discusses "What It Is, and What It Is Not." Mr. Bodington reveals some of the "Curiosities of Evolution." M. Emile Blanchard explains the "Ways of Syria." Professor Stanley writes "What is Known of the Earth," and M. Paul Tardieu has a paper on "The Last Stages in the Geology of Man." There are several editorial papers, interesting news notes and correspondence, book reviews, and much popular miscellany.

From the publishers (New York and London) we have the October number of "Casell's Family Magazine." Kate Eyre's "The Good of the Family," "The Tom's Cabin" is a graphic description of negro life in the bush by Thomas B. Aldrich. The "Familiar" series continues. A practical paper is "Everyday Fuddings and How to Make Them." The "Holidays" series continues. Frederick J. Crovet deals with "Madrigal and its Makers." "Some Favors" are described with pen and pencil. "What Miss Francis Said" is a humorous tale illustrative of that nuisance, a busy-day. "How Ships are Spoken at Sea," and "Holidays-Makers" are also included. "Comrades Once" is continued, and then come the admirable fashion letters. To Holiday-Makers, it is a wise article that ought to be read by all. "A Day on the Hills in Arran" and "A Well-Defined Grotto" are new numbers.

The September "Wide Awake" opens with a jolly story of the Harrison campaign of 1840, by Mrs. F. A. Humphrey. There is a story of a "Ned's Base-ball Club," by Mary C. Crowley. Still another, delicious in its fun, is "Jermick's Sacrifice," by Mrs. Katharine B. Foot. "A Little Lombard House" is a touching story by Edmond de Amicis. Miss Risley Seward has an interesting paper, "An Abyssinian's Story," and a beautiful venture with him, and how he became the property of Senator Evans, and eventually a slave in the Zoological Gardens at Central Park. There is a beautiful article for young painters entitled "Summer Memories." The serials are very interesting. There is an excellent article on Daniel De foe, by Oscar Adams, and another on old people of Corda, by Mrs. Leownows. D. Lottory Company, Boston.

"Quida" opens "The Woman's World" for October, with a sharp attack upon the ugliness of "The Streets of London." It will also amuse the American reader to hear her lament the "haste of English women's lives." "Tapestry Weaving" is an interesting paper with illustrations showing how the work is done. "Child Players of the Elizabethan Age" is read with interest, as also "Editha's Burial." An amusing paper is the "Annals of the Bonnets of Queen Victoria's Reign," illustrated. "Roman Women at the Banquet," "New and Old," and "Popular Artistic Needlework," and Mr. Johnston's admirable papers on the fashion of the month will attract attention. The "Woman who cannot dress well from these hints has no talent, it is safe to conclude, at dress making." [Casell & Co., New York.]

"The Magazine of Art" for October (Casell & Co., New York and London) has for its frontispiece a beautiful etching after Sir John Millais, entitled "The Countess of Leicester." The opening article of the number is entitled "Old Arts and Modern Tools," and is from the pen of J. E. Hodgson. Claude Phillips, the artist, writes a sympathetic paper on "Sculpture at the Royal Academy." The Stopping Point in Ornament" is a well-considered paper by Lewis F. Day, followed by a pretty poem, "The Yellow Gown," by Kate Carter. The description of the "Keynote Collection," a paper on "The Baroque School," and "Bernard Van Orley and His School," by F. T. Taylor.

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Historical Religion in the Light of Modern Thought." It is a clear and remarkably concise statement of the theory of the early church, as well as of the best thinkers of this day. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00. The Bancroft Company.

"The Musical Herald" (Franklin Square, Boston) has in its issue for September very much that will interest the musical student, and also these selections of music: Instrumental, "The Evening Picture," by J. H. Boulanger; "The Old Farm Bell," a song by J. Boulanger, consisting of solo and chorus; and "Remember Now, Day Creator," a sacred quartet. (F. A. North & Co., Philadelphia.)

From T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia, we have the novel, "Kenneth Cameron," by Judge L. Q. C. Brown, of Louisiana. It is a very pleasant love story set in Southern society and the interest is well sustained throughout the very well-told tale.

"In All Shades" is a novel by Gerard Allen, author of "Babylon," etc.; it is published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, and is of the Globe Library series. Allen is a vigorous and graceful writer of marked originality.

TELEGRAPHIC BRIEVITIES.

Pugilist Sullivan's physician says that he is out of danger.

Fred Balzac shot and killed Stephen Johnson at San Diego on Thursday.

The Governor of the Chickasaws took his seat on Thursday attended by an armed force.

At the Brussels International Exhibition the Westinghouse brake received the highest prize.

Half of the Roslyn coal mine strikers have been permitted to return to work at reduced wages.

At Gravesend yesterday Hangin's Finelli was beaten in a mile and a half race by Commaire in 2:37.

Elsie Reynolds, the "materializing medium," was exposed again Wednesday night at San Diego.

John Parrell has been held to answer at Sonora, Tuolumne county, for the murder of Lyman B. Randall.

Florencia Ruiz, a brave and influential Mexican, committed suicide a day or two ago at his home in Sonora.

General Jacob M. Campbell died at Johnston, Pa., on Thursday. He was born in Somerset county, Pa., in 1821.

Senor Florencia Ruiz, a wealthy ranchman of Sonora, famous for a quarter of a century as an Indian scout for the United States and Mexican troops, has committed suicide near San Laranzen, Arizona.

Hon. J. C. Haines has been arrested at Seattle, W. T., in connection with the Gardner oil business. He is charged with having acted as attorney for parties accused, and his arrest is regarded as an outrage.

The editor and manager of the Portland Sunday Morning News is a touching illustration of the effects of a criminal life, preferred by a resident of Salem. They were released upon giving bonds in the sum of \$1,000 each.

At Sandy Creek, N. Y., William Vanderwort was to have been married to Miss Frankie Matteson, a highly respectable young lady, but before the ceremony he took his own life by shooting himself.

There is no assurance of the sensation caused by the publication of the extracts from the late Emperor Frederick's diary. Bismarck has submitted a report, showing the inaccuracies of the reported diary, and asking for the prosecution of the journal that gave it publicity.

FOR STOCK.

COLIC AND GRUBS.
I have used Simmons Liver Regulator in Colic and grubs with my mules and horses, giving them about half a bottle at a time, and have lost one that I gave it to. You can recommend it to your friends. It is the best medicine known for all complaints that horses are liable to. F. T. TAYLOR, Agent for Grangers of Georgia.

FOR CHICKENS.
In using Simmons Liver Regulator (Powder) with my chickens, I take and mix it with the dough and feed them once a day. By doing so, I have never lost a single chicken in the last five years. It is the best medicine known for all complaints that chickens are liable to. F. T. TAYLOR, Agent for Grangers of Georgia.

A reliable gentleman who raises every year about 100 head of hogs, told me he never lost one from Cholera, or any other disease, but often appeared among his herd. His remedy about double that given to a man. I give this information for the benefit of those whose hogs may be attacked with Cholera. F. T. TAYLOR, Agent for Grangers of Georgia.

FOR CATTLE.
I have used Simmons Liver Regulator (Powder) with my cattle, and have lost one that I gave it to. You can recommend it to your friends. It is the best medicine known for all complaints that cattle are liable to. F. T. TAYLOR, Agent for Grangers of Georgia.

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SEPTEMBER MOONLIGHT.

Night drops her mantle over all;
Brightly the stars peep out;
From vine and tree and bush
The wakened night-bird's call.
A gentle whisper fills the air;
Hark! A wayward breeze
Sighs softly through the trees
In moan or sigh or care.
The moon in solemn splendor bright,
Hangs over the sleeping world,
Her white sails all unfurled
Unto the starry night.
Related, from some light guitar
A note of music sweet,
Adown the quiet street
Is wafted from afar.
From native marsh and neighborly ring,
In grave and solemn tone,
From many a swelling throat
The frogs' nocturnal chant.
Bright herald thou, of coming days of rain,
Rejoice at thy departure,
Oh, time's most lovely daughter!
September, ever follow in thy train.
The breath of thy sweet influence fills the air,
Balmy as days of spring.
At thy touch, evening
Blossoms into perfection full and fair.
What lovelier than this moonlight in September?
All nature soft upraising
After thankful hymn of praise,
Can anyone remember?
September 29, 1888. DORA BURNS.

A WIFE'S CONFUSION.

"You are one woman of a thousand, Nell—you are, by Jove! and I'm proud of you. Come when I may, I find the house as neat as a bandbox and my little wife as fresh as a rose. I like that, Nell. I've always thought that if anything could put me out of temper with the woman I loved it would be to come home and find the house topsy-turvy and my wife in a soiled wrapper and with a rough head. Little woman, you're a treasure, and I'm proud of you."

And Edward Hastings kissed his pretty bride until her cheeks glowed like the red June roses out in the sunshine.

She was very happy, very much pleased and flattered at her husband's praise.

They had just been married six months, and Nell was a pattern for all housewives.

She arose with the birds that made their nest in the great apple tree, and did her housework in the early morning hours.

Come when he might, she never failed to find his little home in order, the cupboard stored with something good to eat, and his wife dressed in a fresh wrapper, with a flower in her hair, and a smile of welcome on her face.

"If there is one thing more than another," he went on, lingering a moment in the sunny portico, his arm around her waist, "is to find a wife who will make dinner or luncheon and find everything out of sorts. Now there's Gravesley; his wife's a fine woman when you see her out—a daisy, you might say."

Well, Gravesley invited me to lunch that day we went out together. I went, but I was sorry enough for it. Such a house we found—oh! heeled and head, and I caught sight of the mistress disappearing up the stairs in curl-papers and slippers. She was indignant and could not see us, the girl said. We lunched on bread and cheese, and Gravesley, though he said nothing, looked exceedingly annoyed. I should have been angry. I think a wife should make it her duty to keep house and person in a presentable order, so that her husband, come when he may, may find her ready to welcome him.

"So do I," said Nell, smiling up into his face. "You need never be afraid to invite a friend home with you, Ned. No matter if I don't know, I will be glad to receive you."

Ned gave her a ringing kiss. "Very well, little woman, I shall try you one of these days—and now I must run. Good-bye."

She watched him out of sight with happy eyes, and then went back to her pretty sitting-room and her work-table.

A month later the summer was on the wane, and the fruits were in the garden. She had just looked out the long to think they are quite ripe. Now Mr. Hastings won't be home till late to-day. I want to spend the day with mother and father, and I should very much like to get the long to think to-day. What do you say?"

"I can soon pick the currants, ma'am."

"All right; suppose you begin?"

"No, let me do it. Let the house stand, though it is dreadfully out of order. Perhaps we may find time to straighten up when we get the fruit cooking. Hurry, now, and pick as fast as you can. I'll step over to Brown's and order some sugar and jars."

Jane obeyed, leaving the breakfast-table unwept and the front steps unwashed.

It was high noon before the first kettle of juice was got in cooking order.

Making currant jelly was rather more of an undertaking than Mrs. Hastings imagined.

She had seen it made at home under her mother's supervision, and making it herself she fancied would be quite as easy.

"Dear me, how the time flies!" she hurriedly said. "What a lot there is yet to strain! But we must get it done. I dare say it won't take the time I thought. Mamma used to make it in no time. What are we to do about dinner, I wonder?"

"No, don't cook the ham—there's no room on the fire. We must get the long to think, when we have finished. Mr. Hastings will excuse us, I'm sure."

And, arrayed in her Holland apron, with her pretty braids all pushed back, and her sleeves tucked above her elbows, Nell worked away with all her might, picking, boiling and straining, until her cheeks were flushed and her head ached.

"Why, Jane, this juice won't jelly, and it has boiled so long. What can be the matter?"

"There's something you put in it to make it jelly, I think, ma'am."

"Oh, dear, no. Mother never did. I'm sure. I'll add more sugar and let it boil another hour. Dear me! I thought we should have our last supper in the evening. We shall be so late, and I'm tired to death now. I wish I had done as mother said. She advised me to send the currants over there and let Hastings do the jelly, but I was sure I could do it myself."

The steaming kettle boiled another hour.

The summer sun hung above the green summit of the poplars.

"Surely it will jelly now, Jane," said the weary housewife, pouring some of the hot, red liquid into cold water.

But juice it remained, for all the cooking and stewing it had undergone.

"Oh, what shall I do? Surely the stuff must be bewitched, for I've been and poured it all away," cried poor Nell, ready to cry with vexation.

"I tell you, ma'am, you put something in it to make it jelly," persisted Jane.

"Oh, Jane, hush! You know nothing about it. I tell you, you don't put anything in it. It is burning to the kettle now, and I've wasted over so many hours. I'll run over to mother's and ask Hannah to run over, will you? She'll know in a minute what to do. Do pray, be quick; it is dreadfully late."

Jane departed.

"If cooking will do, I'll make jelly of it before Hannah gets here," she said.

But instead of boiling to jelly, the currant juice boiled over in great foam, red waves.

The fire hissed, and the dense smoke and a pungent scent of burning sugar filled the kitchen.

Scattered from head to foot with the hot liquid, one hand scalded, her pretty face bewitched, Nell retreated to the door in utter despair.

"Oh, I wish I had never!"

The sentence was never finished.

She stood dumb with horror, for coming leisurely along the sunny garden, she saw her husband and his particular friend, Mr. Warburton.

"He has invited him home to dinner!" she gasped, darting back into the smoky kitchen. "Oh, what shall I do?"

Two or three harrowing minutes of suspense and her husband entered.

"Nell, are you here? And what is the matter? Is the kitchen on fire? The whole place is in a fog."

"From vision and trees and bushes, like a tattooed Indian, the pretty woman came."

"I am making currant jelly, and I thought you would not be home till late, Ned."

"Does it require such a mess as this to make currant jelly? And what a fright you are, Nell! I've brought Warburton home to dine."

"There's not a mouthful of dinner, Ned."

"What! Didn't I send a ham and a pair of chickens?"

"I had no time to cook; I've been making jelly all day."

"Confound the jelly! Come, Nell, you must get up some food of dinner."

"I can't, Ned. I'm tired to death, and my hand is burned. You shouldn't have invited Mr. Warburton without letting me know."

"Just hear that!" cried the provoked husband; "after telling me so often to bring a friend whenever I like! I'm surprised at you, Nell!"

Nell sank into a chair, and, covering her face with her checkered apron, burst into tears, while the jelly began to steam over again.

"My husband, half beside himself with the hissing noise and his own vexation, made a dive at the kettle, and in his efforts to get it off the stove upset it, deluging the floor."

"I'm glad of it! You've no business attempting to make the confounded stuff when you don't know how," he cried, flourishing out of the kitchen, and leaving the floor a sea of currant juice. "I'll go and send Warburton away."

Poor Nellie sobbed convulsively, un-mindful of the meandering red river at her feet, until, with a gasp, she remembered that she had a friend to receive.

"Why, dearie, what trouble you're in, to be sure! and all your jelly wasted! But never mind; we'll have a little ketchup right now."

Nell sprang up and threw herself into the old woman's arms.

"Oh, Hannah! and Ned's gone to send Mr. Warburton away without his dinner, and he'll never forgive me," she sobbed.

"Yes, he will, dearie, yes he will—don't you fret! I've sent them over to your mother's for a lunch. And now let me tell you what to do. Put all this jelly-making till to-morrow—we'll begin bright and early in the morning, and—"

"But, Hannah, it won't come to jelly."

"Oh, yes, it will, when you add a little gelatine."

"Didn't I tell you, ma'am?" muttered Jane, mopping up the red river.

"Never mind the jelly now," continued Hannah. "You must get to work and get up a nice little supper, and take down your curls and put on your prettiest gown, and I'll hurry over and send the master."

"His guest, a friend, and a dinner or luncheon and find everything out of sorts. Now there's Gravesley; his wife's a fine woman when you see her out—a daisy, you might say."

Well, Gravesley invited me to lunch that day we went out together. I went, but I was sorry enough for it. Such a house we found—oh! heeled and head, and I caught sight of the mistress disappearing up the stairs in curl-papers and slippers. She was indignant and could not see us, the girl said. We lunched on bread and cheese, and Gravesley, though he said nothing, looked exceedingly annoyed. I should have been angry. I think a wife should make it her duty to keep house and person in a presentable order, so that her husband, come when he may, may find her ready to welcome him.

"So do I," said Nell, smiling up into his face. "You need never be afraid to invite a friend home with you, Ned. No matter if I don't know, I will be glad to receive you."

Ned gave her a ringing kiss. "Very well, little woman, I shall try you one of these days—and now I must run. Good-bye."

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"No, don't cook the ham—there's no room on the fire. We must get the long to think, when we have finished. Mr. Hastings will excuse us, I'm sure."

And, arrayed in her Holland apron, with her pretty braids all pushed back, and her sleeves tucked above her elbows, Nell worked away with all her might, picking, boiling and straining, until her cheeks were flushed and her head ached.

"Why, Jane, this juice won't jelly, and it has boiled so long. What can be the matter?"

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DRESSING THE HAIR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS FOR THE FALL AND WINTER.

Good bye Bangs!—Return to Styles of Grandmother's Days—The Very Latest Things.

Although new fashions in all matters pertaining to dress are constantly appearing, there has been for a considerable period a singular apathy in regard to the arrangement of the hair, therefore the fact that the makers of fashions have at length awakened to their remissness and are reversing matters by bringing out for the fall and winter styles of coiffure both new and beautiful, will naturally create surprise and no little pleasure.

That a woman's hair is her chief ornament goes without saying, and it can be truthfully added that every woman whose nature has blessed with a fine head of hair knows it, and is justly proud of her possession. Furthermore, she is wont to exemplify the fact by invariably informing her female friends that it is "all her own," and in dressing it to the best advantage that the prevailing fashion will admit.

After the somewhat lengthened period of a most trying and severe fashion of wearing—so to speak—no hair at all, it will be refreshing news to every lady who cares to enhance her good looks and stylish arrangement of her tresses, that a new era in hair dressing has arrived.

It has been said that "the woman who would not be beautiful if she could not be unbecoming." Whether true to the letter or not, the open to the exception of all rules does not matter, but the fact remains that feminine beauty is the most admired of all earthly graces, the most coveted, the most envied, and the shrine at which all men worship.

Hence, it has become through the weakness of poor humanity for all things fair, the duty of every woman to make herself beautiful, and to do so in the most becoming and graceful manner.

From the ancient days, when the lovely Jewish maiden Rachel won the heart of Jacob, down through the ages, and among all civilized nations, women's hair has not only been considered her chief ornament, but evidently regarded as part and parcel of her personal charms.

When portrait painting became more popular, the artist's abilities were taxed to work and get up a nice little supper, and take down your curls and put on your prettiest gown, and I'll hurry over and send the master."

"His guest, a friend, and a dinner or luncheon and find everything out of sorts. Now there's Gravesley; his wife's a fine woman when you see her out—a daisy, you might say."

Well, Gravesley invited me to lunch that day we went out together. I went, but I was sorry enough for it. Such a house we found—oh! heeled and head, and I caught sight of the mistress disappearing up the stairs in curl-papers and slippers. She was indignant and could not see us, the girl said. We lunched on bread and cheese, and Gravesley, though he said nothing, looked exceedingly annoyed. I should have been angry. I think a wife should make it her duty to keep house and person in a presentable order, so that her husband, come when he may, may find her ready to welcome him.

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equally adapted to home, street or social occasions and may be worn with any shape of hat or bonnet, and can be as effectively ranged, with an ordinary switch, a front piece and a few pin curls, as with a fine head of hair.

Taking into consideration that many ladies have had ruthlessly shingled their abundant tresses, and out of every ten who have bent their heads to the hair-dresser's shears have eagerly welcomed back a sufficient growth of hair to enable them to assume their former appearance by securing it to a switch.

With a knowledge of the numerous heads of hair that have been sacrificed by this senseless fashion, the creators of the new styles have designed the very graceful coiffure known as the "Cleveland," the view of enabling every lady to be content with her own hair, and to arrange her hair, or as it will now be, in many cases, a switch. Much care and no little thought have been bestowed in creating this style, and as it seems to meet the demand for a coiffure that may be quickly adjusted with a pleasing effect and adaptable alike to young, middle-aged or elderly ladies, it is recommended in preference to the styles of the past.

To arrange the "Cleveland" properly all the hair should be raised up in a firm twist on the crown of the head; from this long hair, or as it may be, a switch, must be divided into three strands; take one strand and coil in the center, then twist the other two into a loose rope twist, and bring to the top of the head, where the curls or crimps, either natural or false, are then allowed to pass from beneath the coil and touch, but not sweep, the neck, while a slight arrangement of short curls or rings are placed at the top of the coiffure, which mingles with indescribable grace with the bangs or front piece, the latter being crimped or curled as the taste of the wearer may dictate. Ladies who have small heads, or whose heads may be round or narrow, will find the "Cleveland" a vast improvement on the delicate styles of late years, while stout ladies, with round faces, will, by shaping the coiffure, so as to give it a long and narrow effect, have acquired the knack of arranging a beautiful and most becoming head dress.

In fact, when one considers the interest shown in all that pertains to dress, the actual study given to designing rare and elegant styles, and the amount of time every woman spends before her mirror, it is singular that so little attention has been given to hair-dressing, and what the professional hair-dresser is pleased to term his "art" has been allowed to become a thing of the past. The revolution which is now in progress in this most important adjunct to the feminine toilet has a tendency to create a greater and more fully as much in reproducing the extravagant coiffures of the queens and court ladies of their time, as in transferring their features to the canvas before the artist's brush, which goes to show that, from time immemorial fine hair has been highly valued, hair-dressing always a fashion and something of an art.

Yet, in the face of history's unbroken record, favoring the preservation and adornment of the hair, the ladies of the present period have not only accepted their attractiveness by concealing their tresses in the most abbreviated style that could well be designed, but in cases innumerable have with almost sagacious

